THE MODERN HISTORIAN.

PROFESSOR STUBBS'S HISTORICAL LEC-TURES

EVENTEEN LECTURES ON THE STUDY OF MEDILEVAL AND MODERN HISTORY, and Kindred Subjects, Delivered at Oxford under Statutory Obligation in the years 1867-58. By WILLIAM STUDES, D. D., Eishot of Chester, late Regins Professor of Modern History, Svo. pp. vid. 309. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. New-York: Macmillan & Co.

Professor Stubbs carries modesty to the length of suggesting that he may have no better excuse to offer for collecting these lectures than "the Fact that the love of correcting proof-sheets has become a leading passion with the author." Perbars a serio-comic apology will do as well as another for a case in which no apology is called for. The statutory lectures, which until lately the Regius Professor of of Modern History was bound to deliver at Oxford twice a year, apart from the regular course of instruction, seem to have been regarded by Professor Stubbs as an unreasonable burden, and toward the product of the distasteful duty he entertains a feeling compounded of affection and resentment, like that of a man who finds himself the father of a very fine child against his will. The public, however, will give his book higher consideration than he is quite willing to avow for it himself. Professor Stubbs is one of the best examples of the new school of Investigators who are putting a fresh face upon English and all other European history, indefatigable in research, richly equipped in knowledge of authorities and sources of discovery, and filled with the scientific spirit which pursues truth canceived theories and opinions Within our bwn time so many historical treasure-houses have been thrown open that nearly all the standard histories accepted by the last generation are in need of reconstruction. But not only have the materials for the narrative been enormously enlarged; the popular conception of the historian's functions has been greatly modified. The party method of treatment, so brilliantly illustrated came in handy. There was something so weird work is perhaps even more useful for its suggestions by Hume and Macaulay, is no longer in fashion; even so late a writer as Mr. Froude is an anachronism. No quality is more highly valued now In this branch of study than the judicial spirit. This is the spirit which distinguishes the true scientific treatment of history. Professor Stubbs Is full of it; and while he is decided in his expressions of opinion, there are few authors to whom we can refer with more confidence for an exact and full statement of facts. As an exprople of how well a bishop of the Church of England can rise above professional bias, the reader may examine the two lectures in this volume on

the Regius professorship, laid much stress in his residence. recently published lectures on the "Methods of Historical Study," upon the "Unity of History," and the mischievous consequences of the usual The opesite view although in practice these two feiredly and admirring rivals would not be good and admirring rivals would not be good and the property of the property of the property of all historical studies. The tendency of the land already positives and another the second of the land and positive and another the second of the land and positive and another the second of the land and positive and another the second of the land and positive and another the second of the land and positive and another the second of the land and positive and another the land and positive and the land a arbitrary division of ancient and modern periods by makin that there are no new points of the portion in human history; that meelers life is a continuation of mediaval, of ancient and medias and the points of the points

Revolution to our own time, a history of ideas. It may surprise us to be told that the idea of right or rights was the leading idea of the Middle Ages. when everything was done with the strong hand; but how careful were the rulers and heads of princely houses in that period to fortify themselves in all their enterprises by legal pleas, and how truly the five centuries from the Emperor Henry II. to the Emperor Maximilian "were ages of legal growth, ages in which the idea of right, as embodied in law was the leading idea of statesmen, and the idea of right justified or stifiable by the letter of law was a profound influence with politicians " Even mediaval wars are, as a rule, wars of right, never of absolutely unjustifiable aggression, not wars of idea, or of liberation, or of glory, or of nationality, or of propagandism. In the three centuries of modern sistory from 1500 to 1800 the foremost idea was the balance of power, and the forcible maintenance of this balance is the key to the whole plot of European progress Even the Reformation period is no exception to this general statement; the in-Buence of ideas and the principle of rights were both strong at that period, within circles of their bwn but they were the occasion rather than the essential ingredients of the struggle which arose but of the change of religion; the most effective forces were the materials. In the last hundred years, while the principles of right and of force have by no means been extinguished, political ideas have acquired a predominance never held by them before; but as most of our readers will be ready to acquiesce in this part of our author's statement we need not follow his development

topics. Besides those of a general nature, to which our notice has been mainly directed, there are several of a special character which may be taken as very careful monographs. Such are the study of "Learning and Literature at the Court of Henry II." the sketch of "The Medizeval Kingdoms of Cyprus and Armenia," and the reviews of the reigns of Henry VIII. and Henry -all of them conspicuous illustrations of the cholarship and thoroughness for which Professor Stubbs has earned an exceptional reputation.

# A NEW BOOK ON JAPAN.

A YOUNG MAN'S OBSERVATIONS. A BUDGET OF LETTERS FROM JAPAN. Reminis-cences of Work and Travel in Japan. By ARTHUR COLLINS MACLAY. 12mo. pp. ix., 391. A. C. Atm-

Mr. Maclay went to Japan in 1873, at the age of English in various parts of the Empire. From his journals kept during this period he has now made capable, persevering, can count upon ultimate a book for which youth may plead a partial ex cuse. He says that he has thrown out from his accumulation of materials "all matter that had been dwelt upon to any extent by other writers upon Japan," and retained only that which seemed Ely might have dwelt more strongly upon this to be fresh. We suspect that he has thrown away aspect of the question with advantage, for certainly the wrong beap. Perhaps his observations are as nothing can be so well calculated to secure public wise as those of most other college lads; but it is not when he is fresh that we find him most instructive. He had some unusual opportunities for studying the country and the people, and he penetrated to many places where foreigners are, or ere ten years ago, almost entirely unknown. Few men, however, are fit to write books of travel antil they have had a pretty wide experience of the world; and we need not be surprised that Mr. Maclay's judgment of what is worth recording is so often at fault, and that his reflections are so often superfluously prolonged. Nearly naif his volume is mere redundancy. He has much to say on they throw much light upon the whole problem, as is, as we conjecture, the author's heat essay othnology, cosmology, the rights of women, the indicating the probable supremacy either of con-liction, it is a very good beginning.

customs of Britishers, the cause of foreign missions, and the heresies of some atheistical person whom he calls " Mills"; and nearly all of this, in spite of the excellence of his intentions, we could well have spared. "While in Japan," he remarks, "woman has always been the friend and the companion of a study which avowedly puts the best face possible man, and has been the mother of the rising genera- upon the movement, and slurs the ugly features. tions, man on the other hand has always been the phenomenon is not peculiar to Japan. On the came by chance," he says, " or it was the creation of some intelligent being. Now, which is more created by some intelligent power." Here our author shows that he neither comprehends the reason. Such trifling with the gravest of problems is a great minry to the cause of truth; and no less injury is likely to be done by the unfortunate parallels between Buddhism and Christianity, in

to be very wide and deep. "To write and read," says Dogberry, "comes by good English. Even when his grammar is sound, which is not always, and when he avoids slang, which he never does very long, he is hopelessly unhands in putting sentences together; his work has no literary quality; his narratives are not nust be seen. A typhoon came upon us and soon made us as wet as you please. My rubber cloak came in handy. There was something so weird and grand in his rubber cloak; but for a piece of description the passage leaves too much to the imagination; and it is a fair specimen of a great deal of the book. The author's defects, however, deal of the book. The author's defects, however, are not exclusively literary. He lacks the observant eye, and the principal reason why he fails to reproduce a vivid picture of the country through which he passed is that he never formed such a picture in his own mind, Miss Bird saw vastly more of Japanese life, character and scenery in her seven months' solitary horseback Mr. Freeman, who succeeded Bishop Stubbs in journey than Mr. Maclay saw in four years'

### THE LABOR QUESTION.

A FAIR AND WHOLESOME BOOK. THE IABCR MOVEMENT IN AMERICA. By RICHARD T. ELY, Ph. D. Svo. pp. 373. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

lies, and in its second division, from the French all Socialist organizations which does not really comprehend the doctrines it accepts, but seizes the crudest expression of their salient features, and out of that creates a new and much more radical creed. Then, too, it must be recognized that the but the author justifies his position by pointing public do not- and cannot always-draw distinctions between the Socialist Labor Party and the Internationalists of either school. These latter are Anarchists. Their aim is to destroy the existing civilization, which they regard as beyond amendment. The Socialists on the other hand look to | enough to live with comfort and fashion contains regeneration instead of destruction. They hold the material of a good moral lesson. The man field -criticism it is not-shows even less balthat violent revolution is no remedy, but that pubhe opinion must be educated to acquiescence in the adoption of measures which will do away with the capitalistic system, as they call it, and vest in the State the administration of all the productive and distributive agencies,

Most men regard the Socialist doctrine visionary, impractical or mischievous. Viewed as a proposed change of governmental and social arrangements dependent, like ail other proflered amendments and reforms, upon the consent of the majority, obtained by constitutional methods, of course, there can be no rational or valid objection to its advancement. It is of the essence of sound government that it shall be capable of withstanding destructive criticism. If it fails to do that the failure must be its condemnation. The existing system cannot claim immunity from hostile analysis, and if it is analyzed and found wanting its critics, always provided that they are prepared with a demonstrably better system, may confidently expect to obtain the support of the general opinion. Hitherto Socialism has not commended itself to any people, however, and it may be sug gested that the reasons for this failure are to be found in the doctrine itself, rather than in the conservatism of mankind The Socialist argues that the poverty of a large percentage of the community is attributable to inequitable distribution of the products of tabor. There is, as usual in such arguments, a substratum of truth in this one. It is short sketches in the volume. Two are not proptrue that the man who has only his labor to sell does not obtain as good terms as though he were on an exact equality with the man who is in the market to buy labor. But this is a defect which cannot be remedied by the Socialist method, for author anderstood when she wrote it, but which no the latter seeks to secure justice by leveling down-by restricting the possibilities of intelligent labor in order to enlarge the possibilities of unintelligent labor. The Socialist in fact puts too much stress anon inequity as a factor in the case and too type, and there is some quiet humor and observalittle upon incapacity. And this error is apparent | tion in them. "Keepsakes," the longest story, is in the workings of ail those labor unions which rather more ambitious, and not at all ill-done, but exhaust their energies in reinforcing their rights as against capital but forget to institute any measures for the encouragement of themselves in the exten- and certainly does not fair short of the author's sion of their capacities and in the conscientions about twenty-one, and spent four years teaching performance of their duties. In society, defective as it may be, the workingman who is conscientious, success. But labor organizations appear to pay scarcely any attention to individual improvement. and to be absorbed to securing better conditions for the whole order. It seems to us that Professor approval and sympathy for the cause and organization of lapor as evidence that the movement tends

> more prosperous citizens. There is another phase of the subject which this author has not discussed at all fully, and that is he significance of the numerous derogations from their alleged principles made by many organizations. It is hardly enough to dismiss all such cases with a general lament and expression of disapproval, as Professor Ely does. They require to be considered carefully, for it should be obvious that

to make its supporters better workmen as well as

servatism or revolutionary ideas; and it is apparent that upon that determination depends, to a great extent, the future of the cause. The public, moreover, are especially anxious to be informed on this point, and they can found no safe conclusions upon

Professor Ely shows that the Socialist Labor governing power." Upon this outcome of his studies be enlarges at considerable length. But the with no prospect that their differences, which are radical, will be adjusted. He shows also that contrary, we have understood that in all parts of between the trades-unious, the Knights of Labor the world the mothers of the rising generation are and the Socialists, there is practically no clear invariably women. Mr. Mae ay's argument in dividing line. Each adopts something from the support of creative design, put forth more than platform of the others, and sometimes a good deal once and with an impressive manner, is an earnest | is thus transferred. The Professor's opinion, as no of his laudable intentions, "Either the universe | doubt that of all who have given the subject any serious study, is that the present movement will continue, and that it will have to be reckened with probable, that this infinite system of revolving | in politics. He believes that there is danger in the worlds was the work of an intelligent creator, or outlook, but also ample ground for hope; if, that is that it was merely a chance? Any one who to say, the classes in whose hands power at present believes that the universe came by chance is fit to lies, are enlightened enough to appreciate the believe anything. Of course the universe was gravity of the situation and wise enough to apply the only effective remedies. The author's suggested | well attract the buyer who likes the outside of remedies may be summed up as a return, on the objections of his opponents nor knows how to part of society, to the fundamental principles of Christianity. There can be little doubt that if this the masquerade of large paper and buckram advice were followed most labor difficulties would | covers? Such vanities are for the bibliomaniacs disappear, though it is not so clear that civilization or, at the very most, for the bibliophile; for him would sustain no injury from the adoption of an who loves a book as a book. They are for the which Mr. Maclay's ignorance of Buddhism is seen altruism hardly compatible with the survival of collector, and Mr Frederic Harrison has taken up the energies and aspirations which constitute what his parable against the collector in the essay the world calls progress. Nor can it be overlooked nature." Mr. Maclay, we fear, is one of those to that the proposition of Professor Ely, however whom nature has denied the faculty of writing elevated and beautiful, is anything but practical, the feasibility of changing the constitution of society by sudden conviction being, to say the least. rather violently at odds with any hypothesis of

evolutionary growth. Nevertheless Professor Ely has written a valuable brisk, and his descriptions are feeble. Here is a book, in an admirably even temper and a spirit of sample extract: "The scenery, to be appreciated, fairness most commendable. His advice to the must be seen. A typhoon came upon us and som | workingman is not less wholesome and timely

Both of Mr. Roe's works have recently appeared in periodical publications. The first has been read TRIBUNE, and the second, with the illustrations

habits of plants, birds and beasts, and instructed ent estimates of judgments on English books acin the lore of the farmer. It is all done in a pleasant, lively, unaffected manner, with anecdotes of sport and adventure interspersed. The illustrations are reproduced, after a fashion, but the charm which belonged to them in the magazine has vanished.

to postpone marriage until they have money allows his better instincts to be stilled by the desire for wealth; the woman, encouraged by him to delight in luxuries which at first she was quite willing to do without, loses a great deal of the purity and unselfishness of her affection. Hugh best of modern French fiction. It is above Lansmuir at last con mits a defalcation, in a small amount, and attempts suicide, in which his betrothed intimates that she would have foilowed him if he had been successful. From this crisis they happily emerge, to be mar-tier's "Capitaine Fracasse"; above ried without a cent. The narrative is animated the incidents are varied and abundant, the studies of many of the vulgar aspects of real life in a cheap East Side boarding-house and also in haunts of wealth and pretension, are generally vivid. Perhais there is too much vul arity. "AS ep Aside' book, however, is disappointing for another rea material for a good moral lesson; and yet it is difficult to find in it any trace of a moral sentiment. A tale of error and sin from which ethical considerations are totally omitted is something

Why Marion Wileox should call his collection of sketches " Real People" is not self-evident. Perhaps the characters were drawn from the life, but it so they have been changed a good deal in the process of transfer, for their reality does not impress itself strongly upon the reader. There are six erly stories, one of them being a description of the Wagner performance of Parsifal at Bayreuth, and the other, entitied "Good-bye to Common Sense," being a mystical production which possibly the other human being at all is likely to make head or tail of. "A Spanish-American Engagement" and "Concha Carabianco" are the most interesting short pieces in the volume. They deal with a new on the whole, while smooth and pleasant, some what thin. The little volume is daintily printed. very modest claim on its benalf.

Mr. Bishop has written a novel of considerable strength and interest in "The Psychologist," Harrison, but most people will call for some other although the general reader will be apt to had his open ng enapters rather discouraging. Thelperson after whom the story is named is a well-conceived character, with a great deal more individuality and originality than usual. He is a keen observer, an analyst of character, and takes pleasure in studying and puzzling out the people about him. wherever he goes. Much of Jorman's talk is lar above the ordinary conversation of fiction, and the superiority is not niways or altogether an advantage, for there is danger that this too intelligent person may be regarded as a prig and a bore. He really is neither one nor the other. He tasks often very well indeed. But he is prone to didacticism, and that is a tendency the novel reader resents, and not without reason, remembering the pious Irauds of which he was the victim in childhood, when the succulent preserve was made to

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON.

A DISCIPLE OF COMTE ON THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.

FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE. "The Choice of Books and Other Literary Pieces," by Frederic Harrison, appeared some months ago in a collected form. Messrs. Mac millan have now issued an edition of 250 copies on large paper. It is always pleasant to praise an intelligent effort toward good book-making but this is not one which can be praised without reserve. It is printed on paper which is too glossy and translucent, and the ink is pale-the latter a frequent fault in these days and fatal to the beauty or legibility of any book. In an edition meant to be luxurious, it is the more inexcusable. The issue on ordinary paper is a prettier book and a more readable one, simply because the ink is blacker. The most commendable thing about the present volume is the binding of it. Edges untouched by the shears and a cover in dark blue buckram lettered in lower case may his book to be tasteful.

But what is Mr. Frederic Harrison doing in which gives a title to the volume. The collector whom he has singled out to sermonize is more particularly the collector of rare books, but it is only too evident that for collectors of any species Mr. Harrison has little toleration. Listen to this tremendous diatribe against the harmless en-

"Collecting rare books and forgotten authors is, perhaps, of all the collecting manips, the most foolish in our day. . Rare books now are, by the nature of the case, worthess books; and their

seriousness of the problem which the people of the United States are called upon to solve, and it makes it clear that before a satisfactory settlement is reached both sides will probably have to make important concessions.

\*\*SOME RECENT FICTION.\*\*

\*\*SOME RECENT FICTION.\*\*

LONG NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES.\*\*

\*\*HE FELL IN LOVE WITE HIS WIPE. By Edward P. Roe. 12mo. pp. 333. Dodd, Mead & Co. NATURE'S SERIAL STORY. By Edward P. Roe. 12mo. pp. 10., 456. The Same.

\*\*A STEP ASIDE. By CHARLOTTS DUNNISG. 16ma, pp. 247. White, tokes & Allea.\*\*

\*\*REAL PEOPLE. By Marion Wilcox. 16mo. pp. 247. White, tokes & Allea.\*\*

\*\*THE PSYCHOLOGIST. By Petram P. Bishor. 12mo. pp. 334. G. P. Pulman's Sons.

\*\*Both of Mr. Roe's works have recently appeared in probably my discussion of the solicy that the subscite of the books of the books and not the books of the bumman race exists for the salke of the books. San into the books of the bumman race of the human race of the bumman race of the bumman race objects for the salke of the books and the books of the books and the book condens in the time from you."

\*\*To the collector, and sometimes to the schol.\*\*

\*\*To the collector, and some

Mr. Frederic Harrison is a very accomplished student and writer, who looks out upon the world with a great deal of interest in The Weekly through the speciacles bequeathed to him by M. Auguste Comte. He is a Positivist. That is the

> cordingly as they are the judgments of a Frenchman like Comte or of an Englishman like Mr. Frederic Harrison. Two of Mr. Harrison's-or of Comte's ?-chief heroes are Goldsmith and Scott Of Scott he declares one need as little speak as of Shakespeare, and he proceeds to speak of him through many pages in a tone of hyperbole which is perhaps the effect of reaction against the neglect into which Scott had at one time fallen Mr. Harrison's panegyric on "The Vicar of Wake ance of judgment than his panegyric on Scott. Goldsmith's prettily told idyll is to him an immortal masterpiece of creative art. He ranks it above all the examples which he selects as the above Balzac's "Pere Goriot" and "Eugenie Grandet"; above George Sand's "Consuelo' and "La Mare aux Diables"; above Gaumas's "Vingt Aus Apres." Some of these selections are themselves odd as selections of masteroleces of these several authors. But Mr. Harrison tells us it would to him seem treason against art to rank even the best of them with The Vicar of Wakefield." This is one of the judgments which Mr. Matthew Arnold calls sangrenus

> Presently, however, it appears that Mr. Harrison has very strong views about French fiction. He tells us that the wonderful powers of Hugo, Sand, Balzac, Merimee, Gautier, and Dumas are unhappily counterbalanced by the defects of their qualities. Does he mean that the result is nil? The French novel of to-day fares still worse at his hands. It is, he declares, intensely smart and diabolically ingenious, but, though read by all Europe, no one enjoys it. To be addicted to it is a vice; to manufacture it is a crime. They

all Europe, no one enjoys it. To be admirted to it is a vice; to manufacture it is a crime. They are not books, these things; to imbibe this compound is not to read. And so Flaubert and the de Goncourts, and Zola and Daudet and others whose literary powers are the admiration of Europe are dismissed as unworthy of anything but contemptuous invective.

Mr. Harrison's mistake is in judging books by the impression they make on his own mind; and in not judging them by their conformity or want of conformity to established principles of criticism. He too often tells us throughout this volume that he likes this book and does not like that lebelieves this thing and does not believe that. He can only read verse translations of Dante as "cribs." He prefers Lamennais. He prefers the "Purgatorio" to the "Inferno." He can read "The Antiquary" once a year, and he cannot read French novels or critical studies of Shakespeare. It is supported to the content of the cannot read French novels or critical studies of Shakespeare. It is not believe that the literature of the cannot read French novels or critical studies of Shakespeare. It is not believe that the literature of the cannot read French novels or critical studies of Shakespeare. It is not believe that the literature of the cannot read French novels or critical studies of Shakespeare. It is not believe that the literature of the cannot read French novels or critical studies of Shakespeare. It is not the cannot read French novels or critical studies of Shakespeare. It is not the cannot read French novels or critical studies of Shakespeare. It is not the cannot read French novels or critical studies of Shakespeare. It is not the cannot read French novels or critical studies of Shakespeare and the ladge. "He had the likes this dealest and others are the ladges."

Married Letrous Marketman.

A JUDICIOUS MARKETMAN.

A JUDICIOUS MARKETMAN.

A A JUDICIO novels or critical studies of Shakespeare. It is interesting to know what interests Mr. Frederic guide to the choice of books than the reflex view of these in their relation to a particular reader of this essay. Mr. Harrison has thought long on his subject, though in too implicit subjection to the authority of his master. His own reading is wide; his liking for the best books genuine, and he does far more justice to the great authors of France and Spain-Kacine, for example, and Calderon-than most Englishmen are capable of. He abounds in good maxims and good sense on many points. But he is extravagant and many points. But he is extravagant and many points. But he is extravagant and many points. Other guides they will indeed get in many pages emihatic, and one great want of his essay is a want of moderation, of toleration, of samity of judgment on books or writers who rouse his antipathies or his sympathies.

Whatever his errors may be, Mr. Frederic Harrison is a man whose errors are often more instructive than the accuracies of more pretentious personages. He belongs to the large class of Englishmen who have always had leisure to ander [Tid-Bits.]

their lives as they liked, and to the much smaller class who have made the most of their own talents for the benefit of others. If he is, as I suspect, less known in America than he deserves to be, it is because his career has been as unselfish as it has been brilliant. He is of what Mr. Gladstone calls the classes, and it is for the masses that a great part of his best work has been done. Scholar, jurist, independent of his profession, a writer of singular power, he is perhaps best known the trusted friend of trudes unions and of workingmen generally-yes, and even of men who will not work. His Positivism has necessarily given a twist to his views of public affairs, but he is heard with respect when he chooses to discuss heard with respect when he choose in his pungent before and original views, but Englishmen would have to cease to be Englishmen before they agreed with him. The Religion of Humanity, as the Comtists are fond of styling their constant when the religion of the future or their creed, may be the religion of the future or of Central Africa; not of the nineteenth century, whether in Whitechapel or Mayfair. But there is no question of Mr Harrison's profound faith in it, or of the all but convincing eloquence which he sets forth his belief. G. W

### MRS, STOWE.

AT HOME AND IN THE SOUTH.

S. T. Kinney is Literary Life.

Considering how tremended was the influence of "Uncle Tom" it is not surprising that the south was deeply wrought upon, and for a time at least, hereely resented what it regarded as an unjust intercerence with, and a wineed attempt to overthrow a "divine right." The personal feeling of many southerners at this time cannot, perhaps, be better histrated than by relating an experience of Mrs. Stowe's a year or two after the close of the war, and write en route by steamed from Savannah to Jackson-ville, Fla. Directly opposite her at table sat a typical specimen of the odd-thee fire-cate. He vas just enough moder the influence of liquor to be foolish, garraous and uny or temper. He was whosly enaware of Mrs. Stowe's presence on the boat, but his muddled brain had caught and held the newspaper information of her contemplated our through the south. This was more than be could bear, and he roated forth his displeasarie in most blood-curdning terms, totally oddwous to the kicks given him becauth the table by horrised neighbors who wished to thus surrepithously apprise him of Mrs. Stowe's provingly.

Twas all of no use. He must have his say; so on and

that her brain, as she said, "was hard at work all the time writing the next instalment of Old Town Folks."

THE DOG'S RESCUE.

From The Philadesphia Prest.

In Bennett-st., a narrow aneyway running through from seventh to Eight sta., below Chestout, there stands against the back wail of one of the Chestnut-st. stores a box, over which hangs a tattered American flag, and in which, on a soft bed of excessor, hes a poor little "yailer" dog, grievously wounded, both of his forelegs having been broken by being run over by a wate, ingeart at Eighta and Chestnut sts.

The poor little animal was not without friends in his mistortiane, howerst. There is perviding the neighborhood of Eighth and Chestnut sts. a gain of young neasboys and bootblacks who are tot the cleanest or always the most orderly of Cod's creatives, but that there is a large sized spark of good in the breasts of most of the gamins is shown by their treatment of the poor marifated animal. As one of them related the circumstances.

"Yes, we saw the poor little coss git run over and the man what owned him was in a wazon and draw right off Good wathin to see what was the matter; and then us felters pickes in a up and got a box and lixed it so's he could by easy, and them we all canced in and got a horse dector to fix his legs."

"How much did you have to pay the horse doctor?"

"Well, he done it for us cheap, cause we hadn't much cash. He only charged us a quarter. He said it'd be a donar for anybody else."

e done it for us cheap, 'cause we hadn't much only charged us a quarter. He said it'd be a nythody class."

How is the dog coming on now 1"

LITTLE TOMMY.

From The Botton Record.

Little Tommy has a very perverse disposition—a fact which the doctor, who was called to prescribe a course of treatment for him recently, seems to have taken fully into account.
When the doctor called two weeks after he had told

now means that you really got up at that hour this morning, doesn't t' 1" "N-no, not exactly," said Tommy; "you see, I'm

The Boy Knew Him. Old Gentleman (on canal

## NEW-ENGLAND SKETCHES.

OXEN AND OD-FORCE.

RANSOME, Mass., Sept. 28.—I do not suppose that people who live in "thick settled places" have any idea of the capabilities of oxen. I mean oxen viewed as creatures for which to furnish pasture. Perhaps some persons have thought, as we had always done, that they were mild, innocent, slow animals, liable to te imposed upon and not quite able to stand up for even here as an advocate of social reforms, as their rights on any occasion. They are slow, certainly. Even the fact that they are turned into our pasture to feed has not developed any rapidity of

> Whether these oxen are peculiar or not, I cannot say. Since having them here we have been told dreadful tales of what they can accomplish, I shall confine myself, however, to relating what we have experienced with them. They are a kind of reddish roan color, and one of them has eyes which appear to swim round vaguely in a limitless sea; these orbs do not have the appearance of possessing sight, but nothing escapes them.

> This light roan ox has a mysterious psychological power, an ed-force, which makes it possible for him to stand in the middle of our lane behind the barn and, while looking steadfastly at us. who have come out to watch him, cause the bars to drop out of the rail fence which separates the lane from the mowing lot. At the same time the rail on the other side will tremble, and several large stones will roil of down the slope

into the meadow. At this point we rush down with flourish of whips and frantic shouts to break the spell. The ox deliberately waits until we are within a yard of him, then he turns. One has no true idea of what the word slowness means until he has seen our ox turn round when two women are striking at him with whips. We have noticed that while we are actually engaged in the attack upon him, the tences and walts coase to

The other ox, so far as our observation can determine, is guiltless of any complicity; but in spite of observation we think it may be that he is necessary to complete the magnetic circuit of this odyllier display, and render the light roan's "conditions' right. We do not know precisely what the above parase means, but we know we have used the correct words, and that the sentence has the right sound. There have been mediums of the human kind who could do things as wonderful, but this is the first ox we have ever heard of that was thus gifted,

It is extremely inconvenient to pasture such a creature. When the man brought the pair he did not mention that there was any spiritualistic tendency inherent in either, and naturally it did not occur to us to ask the question. Hereafter when such an occasion arises, I shall always make the inquiry as to whether there is a medium among the animals.

As I have said, the only way for us to destroy the conditions, or rather to make them thoroughly wrong, is to be on the spot with an active goad in the hand. are not sure of a moment to ourselves. We cannot drive out, nor walk out. Our hands are blistered by litting large stones with which to repair the wails; and we are tired of staggering to different places laden with long elestnut rails, with which to replace those demolished. In the night also we are conscious that we are pasturing oven. There will be slow, duil persistent sounds in the yard; crunchings and champings and wheezings, and noises as if plants were coming up by the roots. The dog will bark until he has no voice left. When we hashiy dress and go out, we find the oxen standing removed from all tokens of destruction; they are both chewing; the light roan is looking off beyond sublunary things. The roses and the shrubs are torn up or ground into the earth; the gate has been lifted from its hinges and is tying flat on the ground. The mignonette bed is a ruin,

We always know that no ordinary driving is going

whole. He says again that he "guesses it'll be a \$5 bil; but'twont make him whole."

As I turn abjectly into the house for the bank note he has mentioned, my sister asks him how much he considers his corn damaged. I bause to hear his reply. He is very knotty and gnarled as to his face; his ever are more slits in which one can perceive a shight. He is very knotty and gnarled as to his face; his eyes are mere slits in which one can perceive a slight gimmer; he has a small gray tuit of hair on his cam. He is dressed in brown over-alls and a brown "jumper." Though it is in the middle of a drouth, when the roads are like beds of ashes, he wears very high and heavy rubber boots. He has all over him that indescribable look which can rarely be mistasen for "tighness" in regard to money.

"Wall," he said, trying to answer the question that had been put to him; "wall, they've spitied a pooty good mess of that corn."

That was all he would say, and it was not very definite. The, next inquiry that Gertrude put rather sharply was this:

sharply was this:

"How much do you have an hour?"

"Fitteen cents," he said, his mind evidently not quickly enough taking in the full bearing of that

question.
"We will pay you \$1 50," responded my sister, "Me will pay you \$1.50, responded my sixer,
"and you have not been taken from your work more
than half a day; you shall have the same for your
corn; or you may leave that damage out to men."
The last phrase came so glibly from Gertrude's
tongue that I looked at her in admiration.
I have since thought that the man would have been
salished with a dollar.
Within the next twenty-four hours the oxen nearly

Within the next twenty-four hours the oxen nearly annihilated our asparagus oed, and soon after, coming into the back yard, the light roan tipped over the dogkenner and tore the root from it. I suppose be did it, although no one saw him, and when we reached the scene, drawn thirter by Rob's imperative barks, the ox was several rods away, standing and looking. He had probably been again making use of the od-force.

The animals had now been here ten days, It had become evident that either we must hire a man as their constant attendant or they must be sent home. We decided on the latter course. They have gone. The pay for pasturing oxen is 50 cents per head per week. Any one can reckon how much we received for this pair for ten days. We paid out for repairs \$6.37, and we have not reckoned the work we did with our hands. We had ardently wished since spring that we might utilize our unused acres by taking cattle to pasture. We know now what a person means when he speaks of "the curse of a granted prayer."

dealer:
"On yes, you sent that stove-pipe up yesterday after neon didn't you !"
"Yes, sir."
"Yes, sir."
"Pour links and an elbow !"

"Yes, sir." "Told me I wouldn't have the least trouble fitting the

"Total me I wouldn't have the least trouble fitting the joints!"

"I think I did."

"Think I way, blast your old swindling vocation, you know you did! You said a boy lea years old could not up a mindred links of it in an hour! Not one infernal joint would go together, though I worked for three hours. Den't you never speak to me again—never! I do atmire a sharp thief, but I have no respect for an old dar!"

"Why didn't you panch his head!" queried the reporter, as the man passed on.

"Why don't punch half the heads in town!" asked the dealer, just as a second citizen came to a half and puckered his mouth to say:

"You can send up for that stove-pipe!"

"Yes, sir."

"That stove-pipe I lugged home last night."

"That stove-pipe I logged nome assument."
I remember."
"That stove-pipe over which I sweat and swore until midment and then masbed flat and flung into the alley!
"Fit send for it."
"And I could have mashed you with it, you old gift-tongued hyperrite! Send for it! Remove it! Don't never look another honest man in the late!"
"No. sir. I never will," humbly replied the dealer as he opened his door to escape a third man with blood in his eye coming across the street.

HOHENZOLLERN INFELICITY.

HOBENZOLLERN INFELICITY.

Pron Truth, London.

Conjugal bils has never been e leafaire in the private life of the Holenzolerus, but the various "distinguished couples" have always manaced to preserve a decent appearance of amily in public. I near, however, from Berlin that nothing but the personal intervention of the Emperor William has prevented a separation between a couple of his near relatives, and it was the worry of this affair which caused his Majesty's illiness at strasburg.

Since the Emperor got rid of the trucus rise which so long disturbed the harmony of his own marries life, by arranging a sort of armed heutrals y with his spouse, he has been incessantly formented with the martinonial squabbles of his relations, and he must think with longing of heaven as a place "where there is neither marrying nor giving in mainings."